

# AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE YELLOW KID.



MICKEY AND HIS FRIENDS CLIMB THE ALPS.

WITZERLAND—deer billy, say dis is a  
sintch. De alps is d' gratest wot ever  
wuz only dey aint no good fer biskills  
an' w'en ye get high up it's orful cold.

but all d' same it's elligint spaurt t' clime dem  
forty peeks an' take a peek around ye, how's dat  
billy?

d' hole gang has caut d' mountin climbing habbit  
an' we don't do nuthin' but go up all d' time  
except w'en we're comin' down. we hav climed all  
d' big mountins wot dere is. I gess w'en we get  
back t' Noo Yaurk maybe we c'n wauk up-stares  
in one uv dem sky-skrappers widdout de elvater—  
ahber nit, dey're too high

we all speek joinin except Mrs. Hoolhan wot's  
little Hoolhan's muther wot sez she wont hav  
nuthin' t' do wid a langwij wot has shnaps fer  
wisky, it aint natcharel she sez but I speek  
joinin like a perfesser ach du leeber owgoosteen  
an' say billy ye'd orter hold me an' Liz waurbil a  
littil joinin doct on d' mountins, d' mountins  
never sed a wold. Liz sung suppranner an' I  
sung tenner it wuz grand.

but I started orf t' tel ye about dat mountin  
climin' we climed de materhorn, de andyhorn an'  
de hot tamale horn wot I ferget de reel name uv  
an' w'en we wuz all in good condishun we started  
out fer mount blank. We had a long cloze line  
tied all over us so's noboddy c'd giv noboddy els d'  
shake. we had gides.

say billy w'en I gets me growth I gess I'll be a  
mountin gide. o how happy dey must be, nuthin'  
t' do but clime mountins an' w'en dey gets tired  
dey giv ye a song an' dants about dainjer an' ye  
hav t' rest a wile. wun uv dem gides toled me a  
farey tale about a feller wot he cauled billy Tell.

I don't beleev a wold uv it an' I toled 'im so.  
he sed hav' ye seen d' house wot Tell livd in?  
wot tell I sed. billy sed d' gide, ole billy Tell,  
don'tche know 'im? shure I sed me an' him wuz  
pals. d' gide guv me an orful glair an' sed billy  
Tell wuz a grate karakter. I'm ded stuck on grate

karakters so I asked d' gide t' tel me about Tell  
but I can't tel ye wot he toled me widdout tellin  
ye a lot uv tells wot tel billy, wot?

d' gide sed billy Tell wuz upprest by a tirent  
dat's too bad, I sed. cuddn't he do d' tirent?  
a lass no sed d' gide. dat tirent wuz too mutch  
fer 'im. but billy Tell wuz d' frend uv d' peeple  
wot wuz gettin' d' rinky dink

say gide, I sed, w'y didn't Tell hav him arestid  
didn't he hav a pull wid enny kop?

you don't understand d' stichuashun. d' tirent  
wot wuz cauled geezer—I t'ink dat's d' name,  
billy but I aint shure, better ask d' kop, he'll  
know dat mug, sed d' gide, had a strong pull  
wid d' king an' Tell wuzn t in it not fer a minnit.

But Tell had sand an' jest t' show dat geezer  
wot he cud do he put an appl on his boy's hed an  
nocked it orf wid a bone arer

wel say w'en d' gide toled me dat I neerly drops  
ded. do I luk as green as dat I sed? o dat's  
strate goods sed d' gide, dat's histry. wel wel Tell  
must hav bin a peetch, don'tche t'ink so billy

wot happid after dat, gide? wel den Tell dropt  
anudder arer f'm his vest pokkit ware he wuz  
hidin' it an' d' geezer sed, say wot tell is dat  
arer fer? den Tell replide t' kill you, ye mug, if  
I had slood me son.

wel w'en we got back to d' villij I baut a bong,  
arrer an' looked around fer a appl but appls wuz  
scarce an' I cudn't get one so I sed t' Hoolhan—  
me an' him's glad now, we wuz mad an orful long  
time—say Hooly, I sed, let's play billy Tell. wot  
kind uv a con game is dat sed Hooly. So I sprung  
d' story on 'im an he liked it orfly

he caut rite on t' d' spirrit uv d' game only he  
caut hold at d' rawng end. all rite he sed, I'll  
be billy Tell an' you be d' little kid. nit Hooly  
I sed I'm older dan you an' I gess I'd better be de  
ole man an' do d' shootin' den Hooly made a  
faze at me an' sed nit

I tel ye wot, he sudnly cride, let's get d' coon t  
be d' kid. dat idee wuz a peetch. den we had a  
lujly gaim uv billy Tell. I wuz billy an' Hooly  
wuz d' tirent geezer. d' coon wuz it we got a  
pitcher fer 'im t' hold on 'is hed. I plugged away  
at it ten times but dere wuz no points on de  
arers so dey only made bumps on d' coon's hed.

wunts I hit d' pitcher an' it broke. It wuz grate  
fun fer d' coon an' evry time I hiddim he sed I'd  
get a good sigar, I gess dat Cooney Iland game  
cum f'm Switzerland, it's jest like d' game u  
billy Tell. say I'll sho ye how it's plade w'en we  
get home.

I ment t' tel ye more about d' country but I  
aint got time t' rite no more. I've got a date t'  
eat a sweltzer cheeze. dis is a grate plase fer  
sweltzer cheezes, I gess dey gro heer. dis aint no  
monarkial country, billy an' dey aint got no no-  
bility an' dey aint got no trolly kars an' no  
biskill kops.

yures trooly

MICKEY

P. S. McSwatt c'n stand on wun hand I seen  
'im do it. he don't do it long, but it's good. Dat's  
more'n you c'n do.